

Speaking of straw votes, did any body ever hear of one that didn't go the taker's way?

Ballooning is a very pretty way of traveling if you aren't anxious to get anywhere in particular.

The racing automobile is all right in its proper place, but it doesn't seem to have found the place yet.

It is the opinion of every mother that a boy never loses an opportunity for attempting to break his neck.

How disappointed George Gould would be if that dog for which he has just paid \$5,000 should ever bite him.

As she knows where she is apt to get it, China is wearing a high celluloid collar with gun metal fastenings.

The sultan of Turkey has 171 titles, but Man-Who-Knows-His-Promises-and-Pays-His-Debts-Promptly is not one of them.

The death of Hole-in-the-Day, chief of the Chippewas, leaves a hole in the western landscape that never can be filled.

There is another new language which is called by its builders "Spokil." Obviously it never can be sp—ke w—ll.

The sultan of Turkey has seventy-six titles, but the best plan is to call him with a gun when you want him to respond promptly.

Perhaps Vesuvius started that eruption now, knowing that it couldn't attract any attention after the spellbinders get to talking.

May Irwin has a plan to keep the men from going out between acts. Perhaps she is going to offer them a few drops of the curtain.

Sir Thomas Lipton is making arrangements for another contribution to one of the largest and most expensive scrap piles ever reared.

Mr. John Munroe, late of the pugilistic ring, was born in Clester, Pa. And he is without pugilistic honor now in his own or any other country.

An Alabama negro went to the gallows smoking a cigar. If it was a campaign cigar it must have gone a long way toward reconciling him to his fate.

Korea's emperor has decided to accept Japanese sovereignty. This information comes to him from Japanese headquarters, so he is bound to believe it.

Louise, the eloping princess, announces that she is going to expose some scandals in high life. If anybody can do it Louise would seem to be the lady.

Lipton is bound to prove that Great Britain can beat the United States at the yachting game, even if he has to get an American designer to build the boat to do it.

Munroe's share of the gate receipts of the fight with Jefferies was \$6,104 and Jefferies' was \$9,156. Mr. Munroe earned his money, whether Mr. Jefferies earned his share or not.

Persons who wish to "enthuse" or do a "stunt" may do so, according to the latest dictionary, with the express understanding that they become thereby colloquial and slangy.

The Englishman who has rejected an offer of \$10,000 compensation for seven years' unjust imprisonment is certainly taking the right course—unless \$10,000 is all that he can get.

We read about a victim of a car accident who is "suffering from contusions on the left side." A contusion is a bruise, of course, but how much worse contusion sounds!

It is just possible also that before the diggers of that twelve mile hole could get half way down to the desired depth the center of the earth might rise up in hot and indignant protest.

Sir William Harcourt is, according to the London Chronicle, "the most weighty member of parliament, in body as well as in character." But he has a grown-up son whose first name is Lulu.

The cable tells us that the world's record grouse bag was made Aug. 24 at Broomhead, near Sheffield, Eng., by Gylmington Wilson and eight other men. The hunters bagged 2,748 birds—and they ought to be ashamed of it.

Newport chauffeurs are being sent to jail for scorching. The rich ones or by whom they are hired to scorch are supposed to be sufficiently unished in having to live without scorching while the sentences are being served.

The robber who looted the Adirondack camps of thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry and silverware is a former, and ought to have a monument. What do these vulgarians want to take all those gewgaws into a woods camp for?

# Homesick for Old Halsted

A Ballad of Bubbly Creek.

All around the world we've wandered,  
ranged through every foreign land,  
Heard the Bow Bells chime in London,  
sauntered through the roaring Strand.  
We have sailed to San Francisco, where  
they liked in "forty-nine,"  
And have roamed through old Calcutta  
where the greasy fakery whine.

Up and down big British India, through  
Rangoon and Mandalay,  
Have we sashayed like a gypsy, always  
thirsting for the fray;  
In a cattle ship we clustered when our  
currency ran shy;  
And we hid us in the steerage from the  
captain's furtive eye.

Always roaming like Ulysses with a fierce  
and hungry soul,  
Through the East we sashayed blithely,  
north and south from pole to pole;  
But the bells of old Chicago lured us  
from across the foam,  
Oh, the sunny side of State street, and  
the haunting spell of home!

Here the keen breeze off the prairie fans  
your hot and fevered brain,  
And the witchery of the city soothes your  
heartache and your pain;  
Lonely exiles have we wandered over  
treacherous, alien foam,  
Always yearning for Chicago and our  
friends and girls at home.

No matter where you wander, you may  
not escape her spell,  
You'll be homesick for the city as the  
ocean claims sea shell;  
Bubbly Creek looms on your vision, you  
can smell it for a mile,  
And the fragrance of the stock yards  
knocks you dizzy for awhile.

And the twenty-storied buildings seem to  
scrape the sapphire sky,  
And the saucy tug boats darting as the  
skimming swallows fly;  
And the high bridge spans the river lift-  
ing up its haughty head,  
And the foaming current snarling with  
its cargo of the dead.

Bubbly Creek, what memories cluster  
round thy hallowed fragrant name,  
Bubbly Creek is bright emblazoned on  
the starry scroll of Fame,  
Bubbly Creek, where oft I wandered as a  
restless barefoot boy,  
Swimming in the murky waters, oh, what  
fierce and soothing joy!

Take me back to old Chicago far across  
the sundering spray,  
Harbor lights of home are gleaming, there  
our soft-eyed sweethearts stay;  
I am sick of foreign places, Chicago  
lures me to her side—  
Take me back to Old Chicago far across  
the Great Divide!

JAMES E. KINSELLA,  
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

# Passing of Old Hotel

The Girard hotel of Brownsville, the oldest hotel in the United States west of the Allegheny mountains, and which has been in continuous service furnishing entertainment for man and beast for over 100 years, was sold by the sheriff of Fayette county recently to satisfy a mortgage.

While not the first hotel built this side of the Alleghenies, the Girard is without doubt the oldest in point of service. It was built in 1800, and just four years ago this summer celebrated the centennial of its establishment. In the more than a century that has passed since it was first erected the hotel has been in constant service. It has changed hands frequently, but has always been a favorite place for travelers to stop.

In the old days of the National Pike it was a famous hostelry. Brownsville was then the head of navigation on the Monongahela river. The only route from Washington and Baltimore to all the vast domain that lies west of the Monongahela river valley was through Brownsville. At least that was the direct road, and one of the

most traveled. Governors, senators, congressmen and travelers of every kind and description journeyed that way and made the old Girard house their stopping place. Andrew Jackson was a guest there. So was Henry Clay. Gen. Lafayette was entertained at the Girard, and a host of others whose names are familiar in American history. Jackson was a frequent guest at the house, and always insisted on having the best Monongahela rye whisky the valley could produce. It is related of him that on one of his trips over the pike he suffered a sprained ankle and put up at the Girard for repairs. The Brownsville physician called to attend him undertook to bathe the injured ankle with whisky, to which "Old Hickory" vigorously objected. Although the medical man had his way, the hero of New Orleans insisted that the use of the remedy internally would do more good and save a sacrilege.

Of late years the management of the old house has not been so successful, and it may soon make way for modern improvements. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

# House Built in Waterfall

In the deep shade of the wooded cliffs beneath the Pizzo di Torno, lies a villa. This is the Villa Pliniana, built in 1570 by the Count Anguissola of Piacenza, and now the property of the Trotti family of Milan.

The place takes its name from an intermittent spring in the court, which is supposed to be the one described by Pliny in one of his letters, and it is further celebrated as being the coolest villa on Como.

It lies on a small bay on the east side of the lake, and faces due north, so that, while the villas of Cernobbio are bathed in sunlight, a deep green shade envelops it.

The house stands on a narrow ledge, its foundations projecting into the lake, and its back built against the almost vertical wooded cliff, which protects it from the southern sun.

Down this cliff pours a foaming mountain torrent from the Val di Calore, just beneath the peak of Torno, and this torrent the architect of the Villa Pliniana has captured in its descent to the lake and carried

through the central apartment of the villa.

The effect produced is unlike anything else, even in the wonderland of Italian gardens. The two wings of the house, a plain and somewhat melancholy looking structure, are joined by an open arcade room, against the back wall of which the torrents pour down, over stone work tremulous with moss and ferns, gushing out again beneath the balustrade of the loggia, where it makes a great semi-circle of glittering whiteness in the dark-green waters of the lake.

The old house is saturated with the freshness and drenched with the flying spray of the caged torrent. The bare vaulted rooms reverberate with it, the stone floors are green with its dampness, the air quivers with its cool incessant rush.

The contrast of this dusky dripping loggia, on its perpetually shaded bay, with the blazing blue waters of the lake and their sun-steeped western shores, is one of the most wonderful effects in sensation that the Italian villa art has ever devised.—Century.

# Must Have Nimble Heels

That royal women are so passionately fond of dancing is not to be wondered at, since it is only within a comparatively recent period that the rigorous etiquette by which they have been surrounded has been modified to the point where it is permissible, in a game of tennis or golf, or any game whatever, for an opponent of less exalted rank to play his or her best game without infraction of the rule that not even by accident should the royal player be defeated.

Golf, tennis and such games lost interest with those who were obliged to play under these conditions, and it was only natural that queens and princesses regarded the ball room as the sole place where they might indulge in exercise on an equal footing with a partner instead of an opponent.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland prefers the waltz. Queen Alexandra, although 60, still waltzes with as much pleasure as in the days of her youth.

Her sister, the Empress Marie of Russia, despite her widowhood and her many grandchildren, is still an indefatigable waltzer, as is also Queen Charlotte of Wurtemberg.

So important, indeed, is the matter of dancing to crowned ladies that many foreign governments make a point of selecting for certain missions envoys noted for their skill as waltzers. Throughout the reign of Queen Margherita of Italy the British foreign office took care to be represented by the best dancer available, the late Lord Vivian; his successor, Sir Francis Ford, and after him the late Lord Dufferin, having been as much noted for their dancing as for their diplomatic skill.

Germany, too, followed the example of Great Britain, and was for years represented at Rome by Count Solms, who was invariably selected by Queen Margherita to open the ball with her at any entertainment where she happened to be present.—Illustrated Sporting News.

## Archduke Proves Good Shot.

At a crossbow shooting competition—one of the annual series of contests which have been national institutions in Switzerland for centuries—which was held a few days ago at Zurich, the winner was a stranger, who afterward proved to be none other than "Leopold Woodling," the name under which the identity of Archduke Leopold Ferdinand has for some years been concealed.

## Thomas Lawson an Ideal Husband

Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston copper king, is among the most devoted of husbands, his pet name for Mrs. Lawson being "Gypsy." Recently he had a watch chain made of thirty-three gold beads, each hand carved to represent a gypsy girl's head. This is attached to a watch having within its case four pictures of his wife, each in a gypsy costume. The watch and chain represent a total expense of \$40,000.

## BUFFALO CHASED MOTOR CYCLE.

Sportsman in India Had Narrow Escape from Infuriated Beast.

An enthusiastic motor cyclist in India, to escape the heat of Bombay, rode his machine up to Khandalla. It is a seventy-odd mile run and the road, until the foot of the ghats is reached, is perfectly flat. Upon the steepest gradient he overtook a herd of water buffalo. Hardly had he gone a yard in front of the animals when one of them took offense at the smell of the gasoline, or regarded the labored "tuff-tuff" of the engine as a challenge to mortal combat. It gave a grunt, lowered its head and charged heavily upon the intruder. The road was more than steep. It was dangerous. On the right hand towered a cliff, on the left there was a drop of nearly 1,000 feet to the tops of the trees in the valley below. The lumbering beast gained rapidly. Luckily, the rider carried a revolver. He drew it and fired back over his shoulder. The first shot missed, the second passed along the animal's side. With a roar of pain the huge beast started aside, slipped on the edge of the "khud" and the next minute crashed down on the tree tops below.

## "AND JACOB KISSED RACHEL."

The First Really Romantic Kiss of the Scriptures.

The Bible—that venerable record of the progress of humanity—contains the mention of no less than 52 kisses. More than half of these were given and received by men. The first really romantic kiss of the scriptures was an incident in the early life of Jacob. The young Jewish lad had left his father's house and set out to see the world. As he plods along the dusty highway his eyes suddenly fall upon an entrancing picture. By the edge of a wayside well stands a lovely maiden, the gracious curves of her body outlined against the soft blue of the Palestinian sky. A smile perchance wreathes her lips, while the pure joy of her young life finds vent in song. It is not to be wondered at that, as the young traveler approaches nearer, he feels fluttering around his heart an emotion that has never been there before. The young man and maiden meet, and the two appear to have very speedily recognized their affinity for each other, for the biblical story of this first meeting ends with the statement, "and Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept."

## Curiosity of Birds.

Birds, however wary, are curious, and will approach a strange object at the risk of their lives, as wild-fowl shooters know. A singular instance of curiosity is now reported of a goose in a small village of the Duchy of Baden. When the "garde-champetre" rang his bell and read his decrees to the assembled peasants, a white and black goose, eccentric by its intelligence, perhaps a goose of genius, left the flock and planted itself before him, and listened with lofty and solemn stare peculiar to geese, human or otherwise. When the crier moved on the goose followed, and only returned to its companions after the round was made. It continued this attention for some months.—London Globe.

## Cotton Growing in Paraguay.

Cotton has been cultivated in Paraguay for many years, but hitherto little or no attempt has been made to export it. In the last year, however, considerable interest has been manifested in this product by cotton dealers and experts who have visited the country. Samples forwarded to the United Kingdom have met with considerable approval, and one shipment to Manchester was pronounced "very good standard quality." Paraguayan cotton is said to resemble the Egyptian variety. Besides the white variety, there is also a colored cotton. The prices obtained for Paraguayan cotton in Europe are 5d a pound for the white variety and 6d for the red.—London Engineer.

## High on the Hills.

High on the hills the great winds strengthen blow;  
The crisp, dry grasses shiver to and fro;  
A flock of white, a drifting, wind-blown host,  
Sails overhead; immeasurably remote,  
The blue, haze-hidden valleys lie below.  
The far-beard, lonely cawing of a crow  
Things into silence. Ghostly still, and slow,  
The long cloud-shadows softly float  
High on the hills.

Illimitably far the blue skies go;  
The world-wide, wind-swept spaces wider grow;  
A pulse of mighty meaning thrills the throat,  
Of echoing silence with a soundless note;  
Sternity draws nearer than we know,  
High on the hills.  
—Independent.

## Baby's Quaint Idea.

When Baby Alice first saw the cow with a bell around its neck, she thought it so funny that nothing could induce her to leave the spot. She stood watching the cow until it slowly walked away. Then, when the bell began to ring, she turned delightedly to her mother, exclaiming: "Oh, mama, does the cow ring the bell when she wants the calf to come to supper?"—Little Chronicle.

## The Quinine Cure for Drunkenness.

It is claimed that drunkenness can be cured in from one week to one month's time by using the following mixture: Pulverize one pound of fresh quillred Peruvian bark and soak it in one pint of diluted alcohol. Strain and evaporate it down to half a pint. For the first two days give a teaspoonful every three hours. If this quantity causes headache diminish the dose. The third day reduce amount to half a teaspoonful; the next day give fifteen drops, the next ten and then five.



## TICKLE GRASS

BY BYRON WILLIAMS

### The Mortgage Lifter.

Hail, to the hog! The American hog! The plebeian, groveling thing of the bog. The bristle-backed, scurvy-skinned ignoble dog.  
Of a hog!

Ho, to the pig, the slop-eating pig! The unrefined, wallowing stuffer of whigs.  
The vulgar-mouthed, menial son-of-a-swig.  
"Woof," big pig!

Ho, to the sow, the fecundious sow! The teeter-tit, flabby-chopped, old rowdy-dow.  
The sacky-shaped, rooty-nosed, old porker's frau—  
Oh, thou sow!

Here's to them all, the ignoble pen! The loathsome hogs of pig-sty and fen,  
The muddy-nosed, tilted-eyed, saviors of men.

On the farm!  
Sing ye a song of America hog!  
The dollar marked grunter that's built like a log.  
The gold weighted snooter that clears away fog.

From the farm!  
Warble of humming birds, lovers and lace.  
The poetic metre, the fair woman's face,  
Dumb Symmetry's form that is fashioned in grace.  
But the hog—

Remember the hog, the squealing old hog That fattens himself on sour swill, in the bog.  
'Tis he in our business is banker "In-cog."  
Fine fat pork!

### The "Y" in the Railroad.

"Once upon a time" in an infantile metropolis of the West, there lived a grandiloquent real estate dealer and an air castle carpenter!  
The sedulous real estate agent was not doing (anybody) very well, and the other fellow had tried everything else and failed, so they decided to start something!

As might be expected, they finally concluded that a nice little country paper would be about the easiest money going. Of course neither knew a shooting-stick from a tympan-sheet, but both were "born editors" and acquainted with the local publisher, who didn't know much anyhow—and was getting rich at it!

"Now, my deduction is," said Boomit, the real estate man, getting cheery, "that if Jobber, who almost has paresis, can successfully hood-wink the public into liquidating, we—you and I—can make Midas borrow a stack of blues in about six months and a fraction!"

The argument was philosophical and appealed to Dolittle, the fellow who wasn't very busy anyhow, and they set out enthusiastically for the town junk pile, where they unearthed a printing outfit in about two jerks of a mutton-chop's caudal appendage!

Then they bought two excursion tickets, rode as far as they had it printed on 'em, and disembarking, began a hot-foot up the railroad track toward Utopia—which is in the dictionary, but not on the map—carrying their "shirt-tail" outfit between them.

They didn't know exactly where they were, or whether they were going, but it was so easy to make money in the newspaper business wherever there were people and green grass, that it didn't matter much anyhow—and they trudged along joyously, practising on the use of the editorial "we" and "ye editor begs to acknowledge," etc.

Dolittle, long, lank and cadaverous, was carrying a bucket of ink in one hand, a planer in the other, and about his neck dangled ten feet of press-tape. From his pocket the editorial scissors protruded at an angle of 45 degrees Fahrenheit—or about that height!

Boomit, short, fat and oleaginous, was staggering along under the weight of a mallet, a press-roller and a grip-full of type-lie!

Thus they proceeded toward the Land of the Long Felt Want, where people were lying awake nights worrying about the light crop of newspapers and praying for more rain!

The day was torrid, and despite their inner buoyancy, the literary itinerants began to lather a little at the turn of the road—and other places!

Great globules of perspiration rolled down Boomit's body—for he was greasy and built like a keg of nails!

Every few steps Dolittle would stop and fan the front of his throbbing undershirt, and suggest starting a newspaper "on the spot!"

"There's plenty of green grass around here," he argued, waving his long arm in a semi-circle, "and won't the people come in omnibuses when we get 'er started?"

But better judgment prevailed, and after a time they sighted a village church spire! Then, abruptly rounding a curve, they came face to face with a "Y" in the road!

On each side of the "Y" was a sign-board. One read:

8  
MILES  
to  
WHISTLE CRICK.  
and the other one:

12  
MILES  
to  
HICK'RY HOLLER.  
—and they went to Whistle Crick.

The entire populace of the Crick turned out en masse to greet the new editors!

yellow dogs wagged their tails as encouragingly as could be expected by utter strangers!

Well, Dolittle and Boomit announced that they would begin with a write-up of the town, and the corner groceryman, who was going to begin business soon, said maybe he'd advertise after the first year, if the paper showed evidence of stability!

With light hearts Boomit and Dolittle went to work. They set a neat editorial card that read like this:

## THE WHISTLE CRICK MOCKING-BIRD

Subscription Price 50c a Year (Garden Truck Accepted.)  
Published Every Thursday Evening.  
Alexander Bing Boomit—Manager.  
Al Simpson Dolittle—Editor.  
Now is the Time to Subscribe!

Then they went out where the green grass was growing and started to do business. Whenever they met anybody, they got the glad hand, and the yellow dogs barked hospitably—but there didn't seem to be any big contracts! That night the "literary greasers" dug a few greens, and went to sleep alongside the railroad track!

They were weary and somewhat surprised—but not discouraged.

And here, oh, gentle reader, begins the tear-splashed part of this narrative!

About midnight, the fast mail train, sweeping like a demon through Whistle Crick, threw out a huge sample-copy bundle of Chicago papers. The massive roll went hurtling through the right-of-way like a torpedo through a Russian cheese!

And Boomit, slumbering with Morpheus and Dolittle beside the iron rail, was struck and telescoped!

He lived but a fleeting moment and his last words were:

"Partner—don't—give—up—our editorial—ship!"

"Alas! Poor Boomit!" wailed Dolittle, standing afoot, while tears of woe fell with sudden thud upon the dead man's flannel shirt—"Poor, poor Boomit! And we just getting such a good start!"

Then the chief mourner ran uptown and spread the direful news!

Squire Dingem shook his head sadly, and the corner groceryman said he had felt all along the town wasn't big enough to support a newspaper.

Dolittle, dazed and weeping, hung around all next day, slobbering softly to himself, but when the evening shadows fell aslant the cottonwoods and painted silhouettes on the bosom of Whistle Crick, he mournfully withdrew up the railroad track, chanting a requiem of sorrow as he went!

The next day, a Russian junk peddler swooped down upon Whistle Crick and his print shop with a wriggle of replevin, the current issue of the trade paper said: "The Whistle Crick Mockingbird has ceased to mock!"—and the people lived happily ever afterward!

Moral—Most any gazabo can start something!

As the Fall approaches, nearer and nearer come the rehearsal echoes of the altitquent campaigner from his practice stump in the forest primeval. Rhetorical bombast reverberates from afar off, like harbingers of the storm that sweeps in fury later on. In the inimitable parlance of the slangist, "We're up ag'in it!"—this is campaign year!

A mean old "geezer" down in New Jersey is using his first girl's picture to scare the rats from his hen house. He probably has forgotten when lather's shotgun couldn't scare him away from the original—which proves he either didn't have even rat sense in those days or is a complete mental deformity at the present time!

This is the season of the year when the erubescient maiden and the awkward swain get married at the county fair, or the town carnival, amid the plaudits of gathered thousands. In after life it must be sweet music to their ears to be known as "that terrible couple that got tied at the Berrien county fair."

About the hardest luck extant was that of the young man who, married but three days, was drawn on the jury and accepted in a case that lasted three weeks with two days and nights for a verdict. A man is entitled to a pension for such service to his country.

The gaminivorous bovine in the pasture is just about now getting an adjunct of corn meal and bran to stimulate a lacteal flow. To even things, the kid that drives her is hitting the apple barrel in the cellar regularly. We, of the city, don't get all the good things of life.

Many a man that kicks another when he is down refrains from kicking a dog when it has a tin can tied to its tail. Our sympathy for misused brutes is frequently more marked than our pity for human beings.

When a young married couple with their first baby go visiting and the young husband carries a package under his arm, all the old married folks know what's in the bundle without looking.

Many a woman that could not cook has made a noble mother and none of her sons in after life was in a position to make his wife unhappy by reference to the biscuits mother used to make.

If you haven't anything to say, let the other fellow say it and make a monkey of himself.

The envious man misses his own blessings in coveting those of others.